

New. *Voices*

volume three, spring 2005 issue

a collection of student writings



to imagine...
is to begin

Cover art by Doc Nixon, Ivy Tech Team Maintenance. Detail from *Ivy Falls*, a shaped wood sculpture by the artist, which is on display in the North Meridian Center, second floor, administrative wing.

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New Voices

a collection of student writings

Congratulations to the writing students at the Ivy Tech State College who are published in this third issue of *New Voices*.

This collection is a representative sample from the classes on the Indianapolis campus. All departments and students may submit manuscripts for publication. *New Voices* regrets it is unable to include all submissions.

The Faculty whose students contributed manuscripts and material are commended for their support and assistance.

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Knock Softly

by Joseph Paul Leck

Always knock softly. It's a simple lesson, but one I had to learn the hard way.

I recall several years ago giving a good friend of mine a ride back to his home late one night. The ranch style house sat back from the main road beneath the moonlit-shadow of an ancient oak tree that towered over the front yard. I parked my van in the driveway and together we went to the front door, where my friend had a flash of panic. He began to pat his empty pockets, discovering he'd forgotten to grab his keys before leaving earlier in the day. He chastised himself, unable to believe he'd neglected to bring them along. Again, irritated, he rolled his fingers into a fist and began to pound on his front door.

While he knew his parents were away for the evening, my friend was sure his much younger brother was somewhere in the house and would come to the door, turn back the dead-bolt lock, and let the pair of us inside.

As my friend hammered at the door and added several resounding shouts to the dissonance, I pulled my coat in around me to shut out the frigid wind sweeping over the porch. It was still autumn, but the rushing air seemed to be of the winter variety. I remember watching my breath fog as I pumped it from my lungs.

What neither of us knew as we stood shivering in the cold, however, was that neither my friend's shouts nor his particular style of knocking had been recognized by his little brother. Fearing the worst, the boy had not answered the door but instead had gone

diving under his parent's bed with the cordless phone clenched in his small fist. He dialed, of course, 911.

Back on the porch, oblivious to the emergency phone call having been just put through to the authorities, my friend was still beating at his door and I was still waiting impatiently for him to be heard. Several long, cold moments went by before I took notice of the strident sound of a siren.

Turning to face the street where cry of the siren was advancing, I'd barely blinked before a police cruiser came skidding off the asphalt onto the front lawn, onto the orange and red blanket of dead leaves, where it parked diagonally. The officer leapt from his seat, drawing his sidearm from his belt like an Old West gunslinger. The whirling blue beacons atop his car multiplied as three more police cruisers joined him.

One braked hard in the street beside the mailbox, the officer scrambling out from behind the wheel with his weapon already clasped in his hand. Another car jumped the curb and abruptly stopped there, the driver pushing open the door as he tore his handgun from its holster. Then the last soared into the driveway, sliding across the loose gravel, nearly crashing into the rear of my van. That policeman was out of his cruiser in a heartbeat, also raising his weapon to us.

With four handguns trained on the porch, my friend and I exchanged bewildered glances then turned our eyes out to the officers who were standing fast among the lights that flashed blindingly from atop their vehicles. The beacons lit the dismal yard and street with dizzying red and blue strobes. I couldn't help but stare into the barrel of the closest officer's weapon. The blackened,

unblinking eye stared back. For a second I thought of it as a tunnel. Should he fire, where would that tunnel lead me?

The sirens halted in their shrill wailing, but the silence didn't last long. All the officers yelled at once. Each with his own but similar demand. My friend and I caught only pieces of what the policemen were saying, but we got the idea and obeyed. We came down the steps of the porch, very slowly, with our hands reaching for the sky. One officer holstered his weapon as he came toward us. Then another. Both shoved us against my van to be searched, handcuffed, and then pushed us on the ground.

The front door suddenly pulled back from the jam and the short, stout silhouette of my friend's kid brother appeared under the threshold. He came out onto the porch, excited to see all the flickering lights. He bounced down the steps just as the officers took notice of him, looked his big brother right in the face, and inquired innocently, "What did you do?"

After we gave them an explanation and they gave us an apology, the policemen returned to their vehicles and reversed from where they'd parked. From the porch, the three of us watched them shrink into the distance, and then vanish back into the night. My friend and his brother turned and went inside, laughing at the entire incident.

Shortly thereafter, I took my leave, heading to my own home, still waiting for my heart to start beating again. Uncharacteristically, I drove the exact speed limit the entire return trip to my house, desperate not to encounter any more police officers. At least not that night.



by Carianne Franklin

The Man I Simply Knew as Grandpa

by Bill Phillips

My grandfather led a full and exciting life. Some of his life experiences include: serving and surviving in the First World War, attending art school in both New York and Philadelphia, and painting for many well-known people throughout his career as an artist. I share the same love of art, which I probably wouldn't have experienced if it wasn't for him, along with this and his other life experiences.

Richard Hausdorfer's life wasn't always peaceful and carefree. His early years spent serving in the Army were a dangerous and confusing time for him. He was of German descent and served the war on the side of the United States. I imagine how he must have felt to be of German descent and witness the death of fellow Germans, and the mistrust and ridicule he may have endured from fellow U.S. soldiers. That's why he chose to serve with the 147th Ambulance Group, where his duty was to locate and aid the wounded out in the battlefield. In this way, he could serve his country without using arms against his fellow Germans.

I always admired how he could take a beautiful scene from nature and transfer it to canvas. He made his start in the art world by studying art in both New York and Philadelphia. It wasn't easy being far from home, living in a one-room apartment and doing odd jobs to support himself while going through art school. I can appreciate that, because I'm putting myself through school and supporting a family.

Only recently did I find out from my mother, and articles which were written about him, just how many different places his career had taken him. He painted for many well-known people, such as: the Governor of Indiana at the time, the owners of Coca Cola, and the owners of Eli Lilly, just to name a few. He also painted the murals in the World War Memorial, which are located in the ceilings of the monument. After his retirement, he continued to stay busy by painting for the Indiana State Museum. He mainly painted the backdrops behind each exhibit, which consisted mostly of landscape scenes. He also restored and touched-up damaged paintings and murals for them.

My grandfather once told a reporter by the name of Cornell Acheson, who at that time wrote for *The Indianapolis News*, “My field has been realism, reproducing things as they are.”

“Most so-called surrealists torture the medium of painting by attempting to make it say things it can’t,” Mr. Acheson replied, “A look at Mr. Hausdorfer’s work will show it says all it can and well.”

Much older now, my thoughts drift back to a simpler time in my life, when Sundays would include a trip to my grandparent’s house. The smell of cigar smoke could be traced to the back of the house where his studio was. There I would find him amongst some of his past works of art, and working on something new. A man who was once young and stood tall and had blonde hair and blue eyes was replaced by a much older man whose body was crippled from arthritis. His hair had turned to grey, and his eyesight was failing him with each passing day from glaucoma. Although he wore glasses, they didn’t help him much. He was a very giving man, who was all too willing to teach his talent to anyone who expressed an interest,

especially a young grandson who loved to draw. He was my main source of inspiration to take up art at such a young age.

I'll never forget when I won the blue ribbon award in my kindergarten class, which was awarded to me from the "500" Festival of the Arts. It was an art contest held for all of the Marion County Public Schools. My picture, which was of an underwater scene, was displayed for several weeks downtown on the circle in Indianapolis. How proud my grandfather was the day I received my award.

Even though he was partially robbed of his eyesight by glaucoma, and could only get around by the aid of a walker, he continued to work until his death at the age of 92. At his funeral, the pastor of our church said, "Richard Hausdorfer was a loving husband, father, and grandfather who used his God-given talent as an artist to depict all of God's works, and he presented them on canvas for all to enjoy."



Three Haiku

as if in respect
tall lombardy poplars nod
greeting spring's soft breeze

angry boiling sky
crooked demon fingers reach
to claw the prairie

silver summer moon
sailing airy ponds of white
a foggy meadow

by L.W. Modlin

Mr. Fix it

by Bill Phillips

Ever since I can remember I have always loved to take things apart to see how they worked, and then put them back together again. I guess that's what made the maintenance field appealing to me. I have always been good with my hands, so taking apart and repairing things come natural to me. When I was younger, I used ordinary household items as guinea pigs; this included, but was not limited to, clocks, radios, bikes, toasters, sweepers and also an occasional lawnmower engine. Of course, this didn't go without its mishaps; on occasion there would be some left over parts. Through trial and error, I perfected my skills and the art of assembly, and usually had no left over pieces. So today I'm a maintenance Supervisor of an apartment complex. Although the things that I work on now are more complex, the principal is the same.

As of March, 2004, I have worked in this field for twelve years. I started out as a maintenance technician and later moved up to maintenance supervisor. It's a very demanding job which requires knowledge in all phases of building repair and maintenance. Some of the required skills are knowledge of swimming pools, carpentry, plumbing, electrical, heating and air conditioning, and appliances.

Another important attribute is strong people skills, which are used to address tenants and to direct other staff members. This includes the property manager, leasing agents, cleaning staff, contractors, and the other maintenance techs. A supervisor must keep the manager informed of scheduled work and the progress of special projects. It is also very important for me to keep the other

employees and tenants happy; this isn't always easy because everyone is different and each one has different needs. Some of the problems that arise which require diplomatic skills are tenants who want something new (when what they have is adequate) or disputes among other employees. Most work-related disputes can be resolved by listening to both sides and coming up with a solution that will make both parties satisfied. This doesn't always work, and that's where I have to make the final decision; who's right and who's wrong. Keeping the peace is important if I want to have a productive and happy staff.

Apartments are usually multi-cultural and this poses its own set of problems. I must be able to satisfy their individual needs and try not to offend anyone in the process. This is sometimes difficult to do, but our job is to make the tenants as comfortable and happy as possible so that they will stay and wouldn't want to live anywhere else. One of the most frequent problems we have is cooking odors. Some people find the cooking odors of other cultures offensive, so we try to put these people in the same building to prevent this problem from occurring.

I am directly in charge of two other technicians, who I have personally trained. My day-to-day duties include directing the maintenance staff on repairs of the buildings and grounds, overseeing special projects and ordering supplies to keep the maintenance shop well-stocked and within the budget. Also, there are deadlines to be met, such as getting apartments ready for new tenants. We call this "punch-outs."

The main reasons I like this line of work, and what has kept me for all these years, are the various tasks and challenges that I am

presented with on a daily basis. I never know what tomorrow might bring and what new challenges that will develop. I can plan my day. If it's raining we work indoors and if it's nice outside, we take advantage of it. It's a career that can take a person in many directions, from commercial buildings to multifamily housing, such as apartments, hotels, and nursing homes just to name a few. Since I've been working in this field, I've been able to develop my communication and management skills. As far as creating an impact on my life, I think it has. It has allowed me to help other people and has opened doors to new possibilities and opportunities.

With every job there's usually a down side. The biggest dislike I have about the job would be carrying a pager and being on 24-hour emergency call seven days a week. The pager is rotated on a weekly basis, so I'm on call every third week. Another unpleasant duty would probably be snow removal. We plow our own streets and shovel the walks. On some walkways we can use a snow blower, but the steps have to be hand shoveled. I guess a positive outlook would be that it keeps us in shape!

I have learned many skills while being in this field. It is rewarding to be able to help people, and still enjoy what I am doing. It's a job that requires me to be self-motivated and have the skills to repair things. I guess all of those clocks, toasters, and radios didn't die in vain after all!

The Brussels Sprouts Argument

by L.W. Modlin

“I don’t like Brussels sprouts,” I told her.

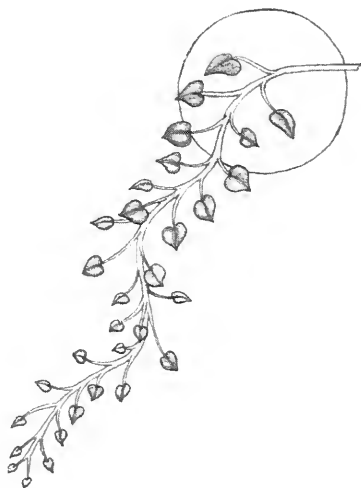
“That’s ridiculous,” she replied, indignantly. “Brussels sprouts are good.”

“No,” I said. “It’s not that Brussels sprouts are good. There’s nothing inherently good about Brussels sprouts. It’s just that you like them and I don’t.”

“You’re just being difficult,” she said. “If they weren’t good, then I wouldn’t like them.”

Other people had opinions; mother had truth: absolute, intuitive, unassailable truth.

I never challenged her again.



Unusual Pet

by Boyce Benningfield Sr.

I had a very unusual pet when I was a six-years-old. While living on a small farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky, the pet our family shared was a crow. My father was given the bird when it was just a baby. The bird just barely had its eyes open. Everyone agreed to name the bird Jim. Jim was one of four baby crows that someone at the gas plant where my father worked had received.

Our father brought him home in a big cardboard box. Jim was a sight. He was a small, black, fuzzy bird who made quite a bit of noise. Jim was always hungry. We were constantly feeding him chicken feed. We never kept him in a cage, just an open box.

It was a thrilling experience to watch the bird grow up from a baby to a full size field crow. I can still remember when Jim first learned to fly. This was an exciting event. Jim would land on everyone in the family's shoulder, except my mother. Jim would insist on landing on her head, which did not appeal to my mother.

Jim lived outside in his own nest. He would wake us up with a loud, "caw, caw," or a constant peck at the window. I remember one time Jim plucked an ice cube out of my father's glass of water. Everyone in the family was sitting on a blanket. Jim took the ice cube over to a corner on the blanket, folded the corner back and deposited the ice cube on the ground. He then covered the ice cube with a corner of the blanket and flew away.

Jim came back looking for his ice cube, under the corner of the blanket. Everyone knew that the ice cube had melted except him. The crow proceeded to walk over and cock his head, probably

wondering, “Where is my ice cube?” He gave a series of loud caw caws, and flew away. Everyone was laughing.

Jim was an unusual pet and was extremely smart. I liked him better than any of the cats or dogs we had. Occasionally, my sisters and I still visit the farm where we grew up. The people who bought the farm said that Jim lived about four to five years. Then he quit coming around. Jim was also the only crow that was given away who lived to maturity. I think of him fondly when I see a big crow. Simply hearing the sound of a crow’s voice brings back memories of Jim.



My Dream Career

by Tammy Fitzgerald

I lived in California from 1976 to 1999; I baked so much that my neighbors would stop by my door and want to know what smelled so good. From scratch, I made cookies, jalapeno cheese bread, French breads, croissants, sweet breads, and dinner rolls for my family. Nonetheless, my neighbors became my taste testers.

That is how it all began.

Being a wife, homemaker, and mother of four, I baked as much as I could in my spare time. One of my best selling items were my cinnamon rolls. All my customers have told me that my cinnamon rolls tasted better than the cinnamon rolls they would buy at the store, especially Cinnabon's cinnamon rolls, which they could buy at malls or an airport. My customers could buy twelve huge cinnamon rolls for ten dollars or buy them for \$2.50 each. They said it was all worth it because they were fresh out of the oven and delivered to their doors whether at work or at home. Some customers picked up their orders and had to eat one right then while it was hot and steamy. Of course, I had coffee freshly brewed upon their arrival.

I never thought it would get so busy in my "little ole" kitchen. I had to go purchase two more bread machines, and I had to start working baker's hours of 3:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. The bread machines came in very handy. They prepared the dough while I organized all the ingredients. I needed to buy a self-riser to speed up my bread rising time, but could not find one. Orders were overwhelming. I knew the time was near that I had to buy another stove, but I did not have the money or the space in my little apartment so

I had to use what I had. I started getting up earlier to have my customers' orders ready for pick up or drop off.

September 1999 was a sad day for my customers; they heard the news that I was moving to Indiana due to my husband's job transfer. My customers tried to think of ways for them to receive my sweets. They suggested that I leave my recipes or I would have to Fed Ex them overnight. That was a crazy idea, but hilarious at the time. However, they were serious.

The newest item on my menu is our sweet chocolate breads and candies made with the Belgian chocolate that we import from Belgium. One of my customers was a dedicated customer in California and now comes out to Indy once a year to buy our chocolate by the eleven pound slabs. She takes the chocolate home, and sells the chocolate by the pounds to our other customers who miss us. They are praying that I return to California someday and open up my own bakery.

I worked as an independent consultant for Pampered Chef for one year in 2002. I would prepare a variety of recipes from different homes and give great ideas to those mothers who did not have much time on their hands to cook meals for their family. My reputation was that I made the best chocolate desserts. What they did not know was, I used the chocolate from Belgium in my recipes, and they could never figure out why my chocolate desserts turned out better than theirs. Nonetheless, my desserts were requested more than my main dishes and appetizers.

I am no longer a Pampered Chef Consultant, but I still continue practicing with new recipes and enjoy taking delicious food to my family and friends.

My husband, David, and I still make chocolate candies. During the month of May, we specialize in our chocolate Indy race cars. Each race team has a hospitality section where they serve food and beverages for the Sponsors and VIPS. Therefore, we have been receiving many orders for their parties. Every year we gain new customers as our name gets out into the racing circuit.

Mother's Day, Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter are a few of our biggest moneymakers. For Mother's Day, we wrap each individual chocolate rose and put them in a yellow foil rose box with a see-through cover. For Halloween, we make lollipops with little Halloween designs like haunted houses and pumpkin heads. Our Santa Claus mold is our top seller during the Christmas holidays. Our #1 all year around seller is our "Turtles" and our second on the list, which is a tie, is our milk chocolate candies with pecans and milk chocolate with raisins.

Everyone has the choice of hazelnut, dark, white, or milk chocolate. We really do not mold with the hazelnut because it is a very soft chocolate and is very hard to temper. Our customers also have the choice of buying our chocolate by the pound or by eleven-pound slabs.

Our newest customers, which are our "taste testers" as we call them, live around our neighborhood, jokingly tell us that we are never to move. That is very flattering, and I feel that keeping those customers and gaining more will someday help us earn enough money to open a bakery shop.

I am very proud of our work and I wish many nights that my dream to open our own pastry and bakery store will come true. I have thought of all the pros and cons about having my own

business and, of course, the smiles I get from my customers and the wonderful compliments. The compliments are so uplifting that I know those long and early hours would make it all worthwhile.

Ritual

The toast is nearly done.

The butter is soft.

Break the eggs
into the stoneware bowl.

A pinch of salt.

A dash of pepper.

Then, to the cast iron skillet,
where the bacon was fried.

The ritual,
in faded gingham.

by L.W. Modlin

The Earthquake

by Vilma Osegueda

Earthquakes are common in El Salvador because it is a place in the fire belt of the earth. El Salvador has 25 volcanoes; some of them are dormant. This has made the country have many earthquakes. Normally, every ten, fifteen, or twenty years, we are waiting for an intense earthquake. The constant movements of the land in El Salvador made the Indian people call it the “hammock valley.”

October 10, 1986, was a terrible day for all of my country. I was working about one hour away from San Salvador. It was at noon when I felt that the earth was shaking. I felt fear. I looked around me, and saw many houses had fallen. My first reaction was to call my family. I tried, but I couldn't do anything because communications were interrupted by the magnitude of the earthquake. Next, I tried to help the people who were close to me. Some had a few lacerations like me.

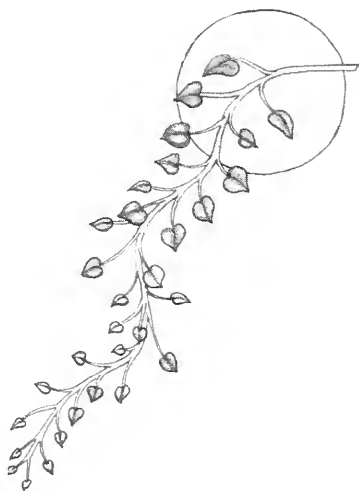
After that, I tried to go back home. Usually Jaqueline, my co-worker and my neighbor, drove me home. She drove us to San Salvador. But when we arrived downtown, she couldn't continue driving because the downtown was destroyed. Most of the buildings had fallen and the electricity cables were on the ground. Those obstacles made it impossible to drive through. The traffic was jammed. Jaqueline left her car in a gas station and we started to walk.

Jaqueline and I spent almost five hours walking. We crossed the downtown. When we were crossing the downtown, I felt sad because the walls of the buildings had trapped many people. I

looked around; I saw dust and smoke. Many electric cables were on the ground; we had to walk carefully, looking at the ground. We tried to help the people who needed help. Jaqueline and I wanted be at home because we didn't know anything about our family.

It was almost 7:00 p.m., when I arrived at home. My trip home took seven hours. I was happy to see that all my family were alive (my mother, siblings, and my close relatives). My siblings and my mother were worried about me, because they didn't know about me. Jaqueline's family was well, too. Our houses were damaged and they were unsafe.

The movements of the earth continued. For this reason we slept on the street for ten days – until the danger was gone.



The Passion on Film

by Tina J. Lumpkins

Is *The Passion of The Christ* a good movie to see? Many have witnessed or discussed the movie of the decade, a movie which caused a major controversy around the world. Some people viewed the movie and stated they would never see it again, or recommend anyone else go see it. There were rumors of people having heart attacks due to viewing the film. There were movie theatres that refused to show the film. Is this movie really that terrible?

I went to view the film with my older sister and my fourteen-year-old daughter. Shortly after viewing the film, I surveyed ten people, and interviewed two, Tammy Blakely and Ryan Septer, who also saw the movie. I selected people of different ages to determine if there were differing opinions due to the age of the person. The questions on the survey (and the ones asked by me in the interview) involved questions such as: how the viewers felt about the costumes, scenery, and dialogue used in the film. I also asked them to rate the acting in the film and if they felt if some of the scenes in the film were too graphic.

“If someone wants to see it, they will, I wouldn’t ever see it again, it’s too graphic,” said Ryan Septer (personal interview, June 8, 2004). The other nine out of ten people surveyed agreed that, *The Passion of The Christ* is an excellent film that should be seen by all persons of appropriate age (survey, June 8-11, 2004). I agree that *The Passion of The Christ* is an exceptional film to see.

Ten out of the ten people surveyed agreed that the fact-finding

research done for the movie was proven to be true throughout the entire movie. Each of the following facts are historically accurate according to the *Bible*. In the beginning of the movie, Jesus went to the Mount of Olives with his disciples and prayed. It was at this time Jesus knew his crucifixion was near. In the middle of the movie, Jesus was tormented, judged, and chastised. The end of the movie showed Jesus' crucifixion, death, and resurrection. If all of these things are accurate, why are there so many people against seeing this movie?

According to the survey, ten out of ten people agreed that the costumes worn in the movie were proper for the era, and that the events depicted in the movie took place. The women were dressed in long, pale-colored dresses, with coverings over their heads, which partially covered their faces. Moviegoers could tell the men of importance by their attire. They wore fine jewelry and their robes were of good quality and royal colors. The other men wore robes that were less colorful and sandals that were worn out and less attractive. The guards were covered with armor and equipped with weaponry. The wardrobe also seemed to be accurately depicted. Maybe people felt the scenery was not realistic enough. Is this what all of the commotion was about?

The scenery of the movie was said to be accurate compared to that of Jerusalem. According to Sharon Sanders, "I visited Jerusalem before. When I was watching the movie, I felt as if I were back there again" (telephone interview, June 11, 2004). The palaces in the film were enormous. They had tall pillars, and wide staircases were on the outside of the building leading to large entryways. There were big, spacious, candle-lit rooms that were decorated with

beautiful colors of fabric. The roads were dirt-covered and there were rocky desert areas for miles and miles. Nine of the ten people surveyed felt the scenery was captured more realistically than they ever imagined it could be. Once again, the majority was in agreement.

Nine out of ten surveyed agreed, the use of the Aramaic (an ancient Semitic language) and Hebrew, with subtitles, were good choices for the film. This helped the viewer to capture the full effect of the film. This was one effect that tied the movie together, which made it whole. "I was so involved with the movie that I forgot I was reading the subtitles," said Aunýa Lumpkin, (personal interview, June 8, 2004). With this being said, is poor acting the problem?

I personally feel the acting from everyone throughout the movie was first class. As I viewed the movie, I could feel the pain and suffering Christ went through. I felt Jesus' agony when he prayed to his Father; his disappointment when he is falsely accused. I flinched and jumped at every lashing he received. I felt tired and thirsty, as he did, as he carried his cross for miles, using his battered body. I wanted to scream in agony when he was being nailed and hung on the cross. I rejoiced as I viewed his resurrection. These types of feelings come only from superlative actors. The ten surveyors were asked to rate the acting in the movie on a scale of one to ten, (with one being the best, ten being the worst). The results are as follows: three people gave a rating of (one), four people gave a rating of (two), and three people gave a rating of (three). This showed that the majority of the people felt the acting in the movie was good.

"I did not like it, because they kept beating Jesus," said Angel Taylor (personal interview, June 8, 2004). She stated this when she

was asked to answer the question, “How do you feel about the graphic scenes that were done in the movie?” A surprising eight out of ten people surveyed, did not feel the scenes in the movie were too graphically done. People complained that the flogging and crucifixion scenes were too bloody or gory. The goal of the movie was to focus on the suffering of Jesus and the sacrifice he made. The blood and gore of the movie was appropriate for any person who went through as much torture as Jesus did. People see blood and gore in horror movies every day. Why would a person believe that Jesus’ beating and crucifixion should be depicted in a less brutal way than it actually was?

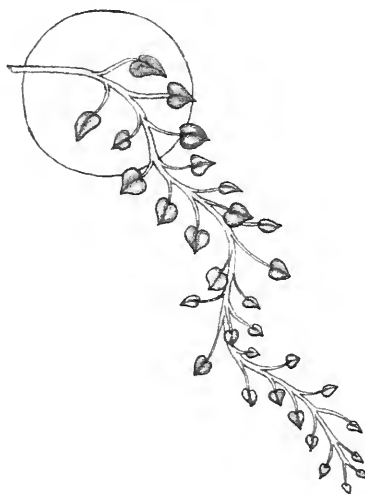
“It is stated clearly in the *Bible* that Christ was beaten beyond recognition. The graphics only portrayed the truth of what actually happened,” said co-worker Tammy Blakely (personal interview, June 11, 2004). Why the controversy?

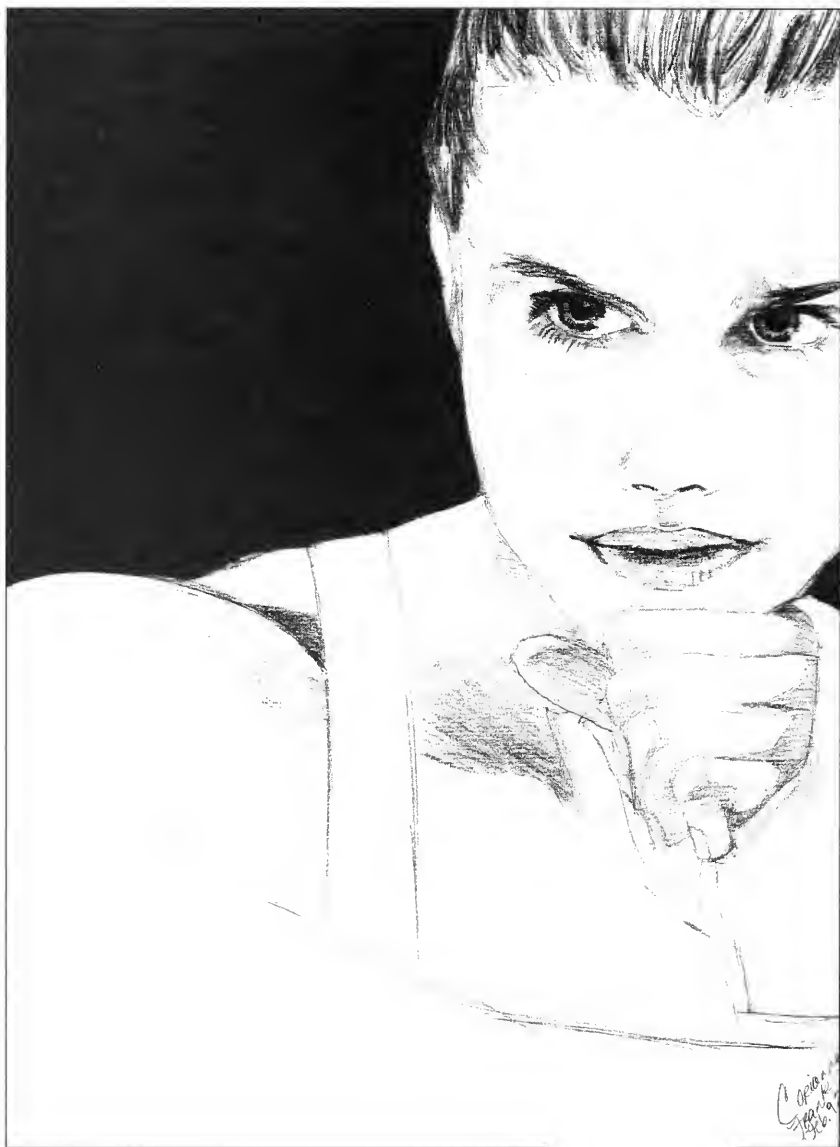
Some of the controversy about this film may have come from people who did not know, or understand the biblical story in the first place. Based on all of the evidence gathered from my survey and interviews, *The Passion of The Christ* is an outstanding film. The costumes, scenery, and dialogue used in the film were remarkable. The way in which this film depicted the suffering and crucifixion of Jesus Christ makes one realize the sacrifice Jesus made for everyone’s sins. One becomes even more thankful to him for this.

“Yes, I would recommend this movie to friends, or family members of appropriate age, because we need to be made more aware of the sacrifice Christ made for us. As a Christian, I was ready and aware for this movie. I was moved emotionally and made more

aware of how much Christ did for me. Before the movie, I thought I knew the sacrifice, but seeing the pain and the love Christ had for his people only made my bond stronger with him. I highly recommend all believers and non-believers see this film. With the hope of strengthening a bond already started, and the beginning of a new life, in those who don't know Christ," said Tammy Blakely (personal interview, June 11, 2004).

This film is a work of art to be seen and remembered by all generations.





by Carrienne Franklin

My Little Sunshine

by Tonya Foster

When I was eight-years-old, my brother, Jeremy, was born nine weeks prematurely. He had a collapsed lung and an underdeveloped trachea. My mom gave birth early due to a hernia caused when she jumped out of a second-story window of our burning home while helping a 9-year-old friend to safety.

Jeremy is the youngest of eight children. He was a tiny preemie who weighed two pounds and thirteen ounces. He was only fifteen inches long, and his whole body fit inside my dad's hand. The doctors said that we should put Jeremy in a home to prevent us from being attached because he was too frail to live. My mom asked the doctors to teach her how to take care of him, and said we would take him home. Jeremy is a miracle sent from above who gave me the love and hope that I longed for and filled the hardest moments of my life with laughter and love. After spending his first three months in the hospital inside an incubator, Jeremy came home on Christmas Eve, which made him the best present we ever received.

When he first came home from the hospital, it was very difficult because he required so much care. Jeremy breathes through a tracheal tube inserted in his throat. Consequently, he cannot eat through his mouth and is fed through a tube inserted in his stomach. It was challenging to go anywhere because so many supplies were needed that sometimes we drove back home to get things we forgot. My mom taught me everything about Jeremy, and at ten, I could change his tracheal tube and take care of his medical needs. Giving my mom a break, I took care of him while she

worked on Saturdays. By this time, the doctors were baffled by Jeremy's progress and would no longer predict his life expectancy.

Even at such a young age, Jeremy's fiery red hair fit his spunky personality, and he never passed an opportunity to cause chaos. He unhooked his machines many times just to hear them beep or to stir a reaction from us. Unfortunately, however, Jeremy was frequently in the hospital for different surgeries and to regulate his medicines for his seizures. During his hospital stays, I visited him as much as I could and filled his walls with pictures that I had colored. Jeremy loved the nurses and charmed his way to the nurses' station many times. He entertained them until we could come back. Whenever he does not get his way, he pouts with his lip sticking out as if he is crying. We cannot help but smile, and most of the time, he gets his way.

Although he is mildly retarded, one would never know it because he is so clever. He is very good at captivating attention from everyone around him by doing silly things to make us all laugh. "Jeremy is a feisty as the day is long," my husband Mark, said one time after Jeremy got his attention and then playfully hit him in the mouth and gave him a fat lip. Although a muscle deficiency prevents him from being strong enough to walk, he gets around the house by scooting on his back. He can take steps in a specially made walker. Furthermore, the house is his playground; he gets into everything in his reach, and even manages to be stuck in the most peculiar places. He has different sounds that he makes with his tracheal tube so we know if he needs our help or if he is just having fun. He has a television that is at his eye level, and he can operate it all by himself, which gives him some independence. Moreover, he gets warnings

many times for having the volume too loud.

It is hard to believe that Jeremy is twenty-one and is going to be a high school graduate. He still has many child-like features, such as being only three feet tall and weighing ninety pounds; he is the size of my nine-year-old. Whenever Jeremy sees me, he lights up with excitement and is eager to give me many hugs and kisses. I love the way that Jeremy interprets life, finding fun in any situation.

Of all the times we've shared, some are particularly unforgettable. When he was younger, he enjoyed my singing, "You are my sunshine" to him. I also carried him around the neighborhood at Halloween to trick-or-treat, and Jeremy was always eager to get home to taste the suckers that he had received in his bucket. I remember once when Jeremy was about three-years-old, my brothers and I forgot Jeremy upstairs after we were finished playing. A little while later, he was lying on the fourth step from the top as still as a statue and not even breathing. After I picked him up, he took a deep breath and let out a huge cry of relief. As I held him, I told him how sorry I was, and he forgave me with his demonstration of hugs and kisses. Thankfully, Jeremy never tried to venture down the steps again.

Always smiling, Jeremy relies on his mesmerizing brown eyes and facial expressions to communicate his wants and needs. My best friend, Missy, said, "It's amazing how much love you can feel from Jeremy; he cannot speak a word from his mouth but can from his eyes." Jeremy can say very little in sign language due to the limited use of his right hand because the ligaments cause it to be drawn in toward his arm. The words he uses the most are no, yes, please, and eat, and my favorite, I love you.

Jeremy has an incredible energy that tends to spread smiles to everyone around him. He became my confidant, and anytime I felt sad, he always did silly things that made me laugh which made me feel better. Sometimes we had fun together dancing to loud music until I was exhausted; of course, he was never tired. When we went for walks in his stroller, I would pop wheelies to make it exciting for him. Other times we snuggled on the couch while we watched television.

After I started working and driving, any free time that I had went either to my workplace or to visit my friends. All of my friends knew and loved Jeremy. Whenever we went shopping, he loved it when I bumped into things on purpose with the cart, and we laughed until our stomachs were sore. He was always grateful for anything that I bought him, especially the Mickey Mouse watches that played music. He pushed the music button constantly until the battery ran down. Jeremy is happiest, however, when he has a helium balloon, which is his all-time favorite.

Looking back, I realize how powerful our bond is and how Jeremy has helped me to be the person that I am today. After learning his entire medical needs, such as changing his tracheal tube, g-tube, and giving him his medicines, I gained confidence. Not only did my feelings matter, but also, he wanted nothing more from me than to love and to be loved which made me feel special. Jeremy enlarged my purpose in life. Through all the laughter and tears that we have shared, without a word said, we have talked heart-to-heart and an unspoken "I love you, Sissy" is forever imprinted on my heart.

Man's Best Friend

by Toni Helton

A dog, as described by Josh Billings, “is the only thing on earth that will love you more than you love yourself.” Shelves in libraries are overflowing with stories illustrating Mr. Billings’s opinion of man’s best friend. As a child, I listened intently to these tales. Some ended happily ever after; others such as *Old Yeller*, have left members of the audience sadder. The stories that I enjoyed the most were also the ones that I most envied. Sadly, my mother never allowed me to have a dog; she warned that they “were more trouble than what they were worth.” Determined to live life as I saw fit, I ignored her forewarning and pursued my childhood dream to find a dog. Dogs can be lifelong companions; however, they require commitment and patience.

Just a few years after moving away from home, I began to understand my mother’s reasons for the no dog rule. Living in our own apartment, free to live by our rules, my boyfriend, Byron, and I thought that a dog would be the perfect complement to our family. Byron had a dog growing up; everything he told me about his dog seemed carefree. However, he forgot to include some important details; he never discussed the daunting tasks that were involved in raising a puppy. Shortly after deciding to adopt a canine member, we began our quest to find the ideal dog. We found Ashley at a local pet store, and I fell in love with her instantly. Fuzzy and winsome, she was beautiful.

Forgetting the first night home with Ashley is an impossible task. Ashley, a Shiba Inu, was a small dog, an excellent match for our tight

living conditions. Missing her playmates from the store, she whimpered and whined the entire night. Byron and I didn't sleep much that evening; we were too busy trying to quiet Ashley. Between whimpers, and worried that the upstairs neighbors would turn us over to apartment management, we thought of excuses for violating the apartment's no pet policy. The night seemed endless; Byron and I were irritated with her. Were my hopes failing right before my eyes? Still, the next morning we took her with us to complete some errands. Something amazing happened while we were out; I started to feel proud of her. As strangers began to stop us to ask questions about her, her personality shone. Bright-eyed and curly-tailed, she greeted all strangers as if they were her closest pals.

About a year later, Byron and I bought our first home, a section of a four-apartment condominium. We had more living space and a small backyard; we no longer had to walk Ashley in the dark. As she grew closer to us, we began to think about another puppy. It took months of research, but we found another Shiba Inu, two actually. A local business specializing in breeding dogs had a male that they wanted to retire, and the other, a female that was removed from an abusive home and was in the care of a rescue group. Within a month, we welcomed Charlie and the Baby into our family; we couldn't say no to either one of them.

Soon, Byron and I were married and were officially a family. The teasing and bickering between the surrogate siblings made our pack stronger. During all of those good times, the dogs shed, and they continued to shed year round. It was a running joke that there was enough hair floating around to build another dog. We brushed them two or three times a day, changed their diet, and even had Charlie

shaved. While researching solutions to our hairy dilemma, a Web site I visited compared a Shiba Inu's shedding habits to an explosion. Their thick cotton-like hair would brush out in handful-sized clumps. Each clump contained at least one million, little hairs that would adhere themselves to any exposed skin. Where we lived, skin is naturally moist because of high humidity levels, further complicating the brushing process. Tiny hairs got up my nose, in my eyes, and even in my mouth.

Whether I was sweeping the hair out the back door or sucking it up with a dust buster, the shedding was unyielding. A wind blew through the house one night as Byron opened the back door. Something caught my eye. Rolling along the tile floor were tumbleweeds of dog hair. Byron laughed hysterically and began to hum the theme song to an old western television show. Laughing back, I informed him that he was on hair duty that night. Eventually the dust buster had enough; it didn't have the power to continue with the cycle of abuse and quit working altogether.

Despite the troubles that we had with the dogs, the most damage they caused was in the backyard. Once we learned that we were going to have a baby, we made the decision to sell our condominium and move to Indiana. After meeting with a real estate agent, it was brought to our attention that the backyard needed some work. Over the course of fourteen months, Ashley, Charley, and Baby had reduced the once luscious green grass to black sand. The agent gave ideas on where to locate sod and names of trustworthy landscapers.

When the sod arrived, we were faced with another problem: there was no access to the backyard except through the house.

Slowly, and aggravated by our lack of planning, we completed the process of carrying the sod though the house one piece at a time. Dirt, bugs, and grass covered the floor from the front door to the back. By the end of the contract with the real estate agent, less than six months later, the yard, yet again, was reduced to an oasis of black sand. Hours of hard work and about two-hundred and fifty dollars had completely vanished.

After moving to Indiana, we sought homes for each of the dogs. Initially, Byron was very upset; I, on the other hand, couldn't have been happier. The responsibilities of caring for and maintaining the dogs were now in the hands of loving families with more time and patience. Saddened as my childhood dream ended, I realized that I had gained extensive knowledge about dogs. The most important lesson that I learned, other than that my mother was right, was that experience is sometimes the best teacher.



My First Attempt to Quit Smoking

by Won C. Chong

Four years ago in New York, the New Year was about to start. Just like everyone else, I made my New Year's resolution. Among the many resolutions I made, the most important one for me was to quit smoking. I thought it would be hard to quit smoking all by myself, so my boss decided to quit with me. My boss wanted to quit for his health and I wanted to quit because of my religion. We also decided to pay twenty dollars as a penalty if one of us cheated. This was the beginning of an extremely depressing fight.

On the first day of January, I went to work feeling great. I did not have any cigarettes in my pocket as I usually did. All the leftover cigarettes were cut up and in the garbage already. That was such a waste, but I had no choice in order to stick to my new resolution. When I arrived at work, my boss was there already. I could not smell the smoke that I used to in his room anymore. We both looked at each other and grinned. This meant that we were wishing each other good luck. I felt good. I was proud of myself.

A few hours passed and it was afternoon. My boss came over and asked if I was ok. I told him I was fine. After lunch, I went outside to get some fresh air. There were people drinking coffee, and they were smoking. I was suddenly tempted. I felt the desire to smoke, which usually comes after I eat. I kept reminding myself to control myself. Today is only the first day! And I returned to my work place. Then I thought I should not go out after lunch anymore.

Once I got home, I watched a movie and did the internet so I did not think about smoking. That night I purposely went to sleep early.

On the second day of January, I felt a difference in my body. I didn't know why I had been smoking all this time. I arrived to work early and my boss was also early. Once again we both grinned at each other to wish each other good luck to begin another day. However, there was trouble on the way.

At that time, I was working for a trading company and problems arose all the time. In this case, a buyer cancelled the contract because of unsatisfied service of our department. I felt like smoking. There was nothing better than to smoke in a stressful situation. However, I was not able to smoke. It has been only two days since I had made this resolution. I bit the tip of my pen and endured. My boss called me into his office and asked me why that buyer was unsatisfied with our service. He was upset. As I left his room, I thought about smoking again to relieve this stress. However, I was able to endure the second day without smoking. It was a difficult day.

On my third day, I was on my way to work. There was heavy traffic that day and I was running late. I was impatient and I needed to smoke. However, I did not have a cigarette. It was getting harder and harder to endure. The traffic was not getting better, and at that moment I looked at the driver next to me and he was smoking. He looked too happy. I wanted to ask him for one cigarette. I was envious of him. However, I could not give up in just three days. "Lord! Please help me," I cried!

Finally, I arrived at work. But what was that smell? I asked

myself. It was the smell of smoke coming from the boss's room. The boss had smoked and I was shocked. As soon as he saw me, he handed me twenty dollars and said that he could not quit smoking. I felt lonely. It was not going to be easy to do this on my own. "From now on, there is no partner," I said to myself.

The next day, all I could see were people smoking. It felt good just to smell the smoke. My mind was filled with the thought of cigarettes, especially Marlboro's. My lips were moving and my legs were shaking. I bit my nails and I got upset for no reason. My head was getting dizzier and I was eating junk food all day long. Even when I watched TV, all I could see were people smoking.

On January fifth, there was another problem. I found cigarettes in my pocket from the pants that I had worn a while ago. I took out one cigarette from the pack and put it down on my desk very slowly. I stared at it for about a minute. It seemed like the cigarette was telling me to smoke it. I knew I should not; so I decided to break the cigarette. As soon as I touched the cigarette, I felt sorry for it. Poor cigarette, I thought to myself. I will just smoke one cigarette for the last time. I put the cigarette in my mouth and it was all over, I failed to keep my New Year's resolution. A verse in the *Bible* came to my mind: "The spirit is willing, but the body is weak."

After my first attempt to quit smoking, I tried to quit three more times. The fourth time I tried to quit was when I finally succeeded. Now it has been two years since I quit, and I still cannot forget how hard it was to quit on my first attempt.

A Cry Heard in the Night

One night I was trying to sleep but something didn't seem quite right.
I jumped out of my bed without any haste and turned on my bedroom light.

I swore I just heard someone cry but was it something else instead

At first it seemed that maybe this noise was only in my head.

I hurried out my bedroom almost tripping to the hard cold floor.

I felt that I must find this person to see what the crying was for.

I looked high and I searched low and in between but nothing did I find.

Yet I know that I heard this person; I thought, but am I just losing my mind?

I went back to my bedroom confused and feeling kind of sad.

I couldn't figure out if I was angry or feeling sort of glad.

Who was this person that I was hearing and why would they hide.

I went back to sleep now finally hearing the voice I ignored inside.

All of a sudden it came to me and I opened up my eyes.

I slowly wiped away a tear; the answer was plain to see.

The darkness clearing away and finally becoming light.

The person that I heard was me.

by Bernika S. Miller

Kaliea: Grandfather's Surprise

by LaDonna Richardson

When she was sixteen-years-old, Kaliea planned her grandfather's surprise 50th birthday party. Planning the party was exciting, but difficult. Grandfather Marlin was born on March 8th, and it was now January, so Kaliea needed to decide what her final party preparations were going to be. Kaliea wanted to have the party in Evansville where the majority of the family lived, and not arouse the suspicion of her grandfather.

Kaliea asked her Grandma Beatrice to get a list of the names and numbers of her grandfather's friends. In the meantime, while Kaliea's grandma was preparing the list, her mother called the rest of the family members. All were happy and ready to party. Once Kaliea's grandma gave her the list of names and numbers, she informed her of how difficult the list was to get. She did not have all the information requested from Kaliea, so her grandma had to sneak around in her grandfather's things while he was either at work or playing golf.

Kaliea planned to ask 50 to 100 friends and family members to attend her grandfather's surprise party. Kaliea called her grandfather's friends who lived out-of-town first, since they would need to make travel and hotel arrangements. She worried because in March the weather is sometimes unpredictable. Kaliea contacted Sherman because he was her grandfather's best friend. As boys they did everything together. Kaliea talked to Sherman's wife, Lois, to let her know of her plan. Lois said the surprise party was a great idea, and she would have Sherman call.

Sherman called later that evening and informed Kaliea, he had spoken with her grandfather earlier. The two of them had made plans to go to Earlington, Kentucky for his birthday. Earlington, Kentucky is where Kaliea's grandfather had grown up, and a place he often visits. Since Kaliea had gone through all this preparation for her grandfather, Sherman said he would call her grandfather to cancel the trip to Earlington. After talking with Sherman, Kaliea's mother contacted the other out-of-town guests, while Kaliea and her brother, Terrence, concentrated on finding a place big enough to accommodate the party.

Kaliea needed a place with a kitchen to prepare all her grandfather's favorite foods: collard greens, chitterlings, pigs feet, and hot water corn bread. The apartment complex where Kaliea's Aunt Helen lived had a club house, so her aunt reserved the Greenbrier Club House for the party. It also had a kitchen, room enough for all the guests, and a dance area. After Aunt Helen reserved the club house, Kaliea's mother helped her get the invitations together. She decided the party would begin at 2:00 P.M. and she requested the guests RSVP, so she would know how much food to prepare. Kaliea was surprised when she received the RSVP's from everyone she invited. The guests were coming, she had found a place, and her grandfather did not have a clue.

Kaliea's grandfather is a straight blues man. It doesn't matter the artist, just as long as it is blues. Kaliea's brother knew a disc jockey whom he contacted for all the music to make sure he had some Johnny Taylor, Coco Taylor, and B.B. King. Kaliea's grandfather had always told her "blues is just old time gospel." Two days before Kaliea's grandfather's birthday, he hinted for some new golf clubs

and a new golf bag. Kaliea knew he was going to be surprised once he found out he was getting all he asked for and more.

Kaliea and her aunts finished the cooking at the club house the morning of the surprise party. Kaliea decorated the club house. Guests arrived an hour before the party and all the preparations were in place.

Kaliea's grandma had taken her husband to the mall to keep him busy. The mall is a place he absolutely hates. She kept him at the mall until two-thirty. Her grandfather was upset about going to the mall, but Kaliea knew he would be rewarded.

Once Kaliea's grandma and grandfather returned from the mall, she was to bring him to the Greenbrier Club House where everyone was waiting. Kaliea's grandfather fussed the whole time he was at the mall. He said he would rather "be down the street at the local tavern having a beer." Meanwhile, all the guests were enjoying themselves as they waited for Kaliea's grandfather's arrival. Kaliea's brother, Terrence, was the look-out person. Once he saw his grandparents, he was to let the party guests know so they would be prepared to yell "Surprise!"

"They're here, they're here," Terrence said. Kaliea was eager to see the look on her grandfather's face when he walked into the room. As her grandfather entered the room, they all yelled, "Surprise!" The first thing Kaliea's grandfather said was "Ah, s---!" (This was something he said a lot). His laughter followed. As her grandfather was laughing and greeting his guests, he could not believe Kaliea had gone through all the planning, and that he had not learned about his surprise party for his 50th birthday.

Love Walks Out Through That Door

Our days were sweet and nice
You gave me everything I desired
You stood there for me and me for you
I remember the days you smiled at me

You were everything to me
But now it's like the sun has fallen on me
When I think about those nights together
You were next to me and me to you

But now you are gone
Hardly a minute passes without thinking about you
Like the desert misses the rain
I feel like I am a lost sheep in the jungle

Tears run down my chin when I am alone
Memories of you still flash in my mind
I guess I will live with memories till the end.

by Noah Njova

The Third Day

by Melvin Brown

The tour of duty here is thirteen months. Right now, it seems like I've already been here that long. Before leaving the States, I purchased two Julian date calendars to X out each day, so I could see, at a glance, how many days I had left. The last two days, the temperature was an excruciating 112 degrees. I covered my watch and pressed the button to light the watch face, and quickly glanced at the time. It's 02:00 and the temperature is still 85 degrees.

I was standing in a field, wrapped in complete darkness at the end of a huge airstrip covered with thousands of tiny blue lights. A full August moon lit the sky, along with what must have been a million stars. The scene was surreal; I daydreamed about how awesome my God was, and how there was beauty in everything.

Off in the distance I could hear bombs exploding, and now and then feel the ground vibrate from their effect. I can remember thinking "some poor souls were really having a bad day." This was my third night in Na Thang, South Viet Nam. Up to this point, the heat had been my worst enemy. As I looked around, I couldn't see anything farther than the length of my arm. I was already scared. Here I was out in this field, in almost total darkness, afraid to move, not wanting to make any unnecessary noise, not knowing who or what indigenous creatures were lurking about. I wondered, "Why am I here anyway?"

Then I heard the dogs start barking. They were probably five hundred yards to my left. I didn't think much about it at first, and

then I heard the distinct sound of an AK 47 rifle, and then the groan of fifty caliber machine gun fire.

Panic struck like a train hitting me, full force, in the chest; my lungs emptied of air. I went to one knee as my finger tightened around the trigger on my M16 rifle. No! This is not happening. I just got here. I'm not ready for, nor do I want this. I had to make it back to the company area. Every step I took was agonizing and full of fear. I made it back, with some relief, just to be among my fellow comrades.

Everyone was running to the ditch on the company perimeter, as the small arms fire intensified. What is going on? I knew what was happening, but I just didn't want to believe it. "This can't be happening," I thought. Then the mortars started to rain down on our position.

NO! I'm not ready to die." I thought I was scared before; now I felt like crying. I felt I had to have a bowel movement. I had to urinate. I felt like running. I was scared, really scared. "Where could I go? Where would I go?" I'm ten thousand miles away from home. I could not leave. I had to stay here. The noise was almost deafening, and the ground vibrating only increased my anguish.

I lay there in that ditch, with my head buried beneath my hands, absolutely terrified. "Damn this war. It's not mine; all I want to do is go home." I remembered a book I once read titled *Johnny's Got Your Gun*. A bomb in World War I had blown Johnny apart. Not being able to see, hear, move, or speak, Johnny's only thoughts were of his family and friends and how he really didn't give a damn about the war, the government, or their reasoning for the war. He just wanted his life and family back.

“God, don’t let me die here. I really don’t care about this war. It’s really not mine. Let me go home to my loved ones.”

The guy lying next to me was sobbing loudly. I looked at him. He was shaking; snot was running from his nose. He was more afraid than I was. “How could that be,” I thought. “If I’m going to die, at least let me see what’s going to kill me.” I’ll die fighting if I must.

As I inched my head up, just above eye level, I could see mortars hitting the ground about two hundred yards to my front. Left, right, center, they were walking the mortars right in on us.

As I lay there watching, my fears almost vanished, as it was the most beautiful fire and light show I had ever witnessed. As the mortars exploded, brilliant bright colors of red and white with traces of blue and bright white smoke lit up the sky.

As we returned fire to where we thought the enemy might be, Huey Helicopters moved in and opened fire on the enemy position. The rockets and tracers emitted a solid red line of fire from the helicopters which was devastating, and the combination of it all was spectacular. It lasted several hours and the mortars came to within fifty yards of our position before they were silenced.

The next morning when we returned to the company area, there were fifteen dead enemy bodies lying straight in a row on the street. The bodies were bloodied, torn, broken, separated, and partially eaten by the dogs. There was a pungent smell of what I thought was Black Flag insect spray; I guess to keep the bugs and flies off the bodies.

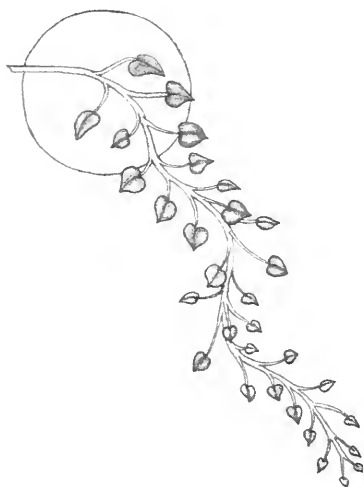
There were a couple of guys taking turns kneeling down next to the bodies, as the other one took pictures. The sight was most

gruesome and depressing. “Better them than me, I remember thinking.” All that day and the following day, there was an eerie silence in the tent as just about everyone wrote letters. Fear hung in the air like a large, dark rain cloud.

I looked at my calendars, paper-clipped to the side of the tent, and put an “X” over today’s number and circled this day in red. Twelve months, twenty-six days to go. How many more red circles would I put on that calendar? How many more would I be able to?

I stared at all the numbers on those calendars, numb at the thought that each number represented a day. Twenty-four hours, one thousand, four hundred, forty minutes, eighty-six thousand, four hundred seconds, in each one of those days.

I took the calendars down, took my watch off, and locked them in my foot locker. It was going to be a long year, and from this third day or until I get back home, the day, the date, and/or the time did not matter.



Make Scooter Buyers Aware and Beware

by Kelly Agard

Every day when I pick up my fourteen-year-old daughter from summer school, I watch two of her classmates hop on a motor scooter and drive away. On one occasion, the fourteen-year-old driver, oblivious to the traffic around him, drove into the path of an oncoming car. As the car stopped and honked, the boy drove on without even acknowledging that he had almost been in an accident.

A few weeks ago, as I came to a three-way stop at the end of my street, I looked to my right and saw a young boy on a motor scooter headed for the stop sign at a rather fast pace. He then proceeded to drive through without stopping.

When I was eleven-years-old, I was in the hospital due to an injury to my arm. I met a six-year-old little boy who was there for skin grafts on one of his legs. He had been in a serious accident on a motor scooter two years before. He was the passenger, and his older brother was driving. They were hit by a car. The little boy was pinned under the scooter which was pinned under the car that had hit them. His leg was very badly broken and had other damage. The final repair to his leg was skin grafts. He had to come back every year as he grew to have more skin grafts done. This was his third.

These stories and many more like them happen every year. The dangers of mopeds and scooters being driven illegally have been around for a long time and are a growing concern in our communities. Law enforcement officials and lawmakers need to do more to make the public aware of the existing laws and to enforce them.

There were 1,330 reported injuries in 1999 and 4,390 reported

in 2000. There were 2,870 emergency room treated injuries related to motor scooters reported for the first nine months of 2001 (US Consumer Product Safety Commission, 2001, para.2). Nationally, there were at least 200 fatalities involving small motorized bikes and motorized scooters in 2003 (Bird, 2004, para.19).

Parents buy scooters for their children, unaware of the dangers that they put them in. Often, they are unaware of the laws pertaining to driving motorized scooters on the road (Bird, 2004, para.5). Children under the age of fifteen are not permitted to ride scooters on the road. Mopeds are legal if they have a motor that does not have a capacity of more than fifty cubic centimeters and do not go at a speed in excess of twenty-five miles per hour. According to Sheriff's Deputy Rick Underhill, the problem is that people buy a motorized bike that has a forty-nine CC engine and think it is a legal moped, but if they go more than twenty-five miles per hour, they are not. They are then considered a scooter (Cummings, 2004, para.7). A scooter must be registered with the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, and the driver must have a valid motorcycle operator's license (Cummings, 2004, para.8).

There are some cities in other states that are considering banning or limiting the use of motor scooters and minibikes (Bird, 2004, para.31). Indiana doesn't need to go that far. One solution would be to provide designated areas for children to ride legal motorized bicycles. This would help to keep them off the streets, and they would still be able to enjoy them. There are drawbacks to this solution. It could possibly open the chance for cities to be sued due to any injuries that might occur and, it probably wouldn't take too many of them off the streets because so many children use

them for transportation to get from one place to another.

The police department in Fishers, Indiana worked with local schools to send home 4,500 flyers talking about the scooter laws (Snow, 2004, para.5). This will work for some, but I know from being a mother of two teenagers and working in a middle school that many children will not read them. Even more of their parents will never see the flyers. Working through the schools is a good idea, but more needs to be done. Schools should be required to teach the bicycle and motorized vehicle laws in the spring of every school year and the consequences for not following them.

The most effective way to make sure that people know the laws is to start with the retailers who sell the scooters. Carmel, Indiana police officers are going to the retail outlets in their city and telling them it is their responsibility to inform their customers that underage children can't legally drive scooters on the streets (Bird, 2004, para.44). They need to have more than just an ethical responsibility to inform the parents. There needs to be a legal responsibility. All retailers who sell any type of motorized bicycle or scooter should be required by law to provide a copy of an explanation of the state laws regarding their use. A signature of the parent or guardian purchasing the scooter, stating that they have received a copy of the state law, should then be obtained by the retailer. All of these signatures should be sent to the state police where they will be kept on file. Although it would probably cut down on sales for the retailers, it would prevent legislation to eliminate the sale of them altogether. After all, the safety of the children in our communities is the important issue.

Finally, the local police should completely enforce the law.

Currently many try to warn underage children and their parents before issuing tickets for their illegal use of scooters (Bird, 2004, para.47, 50, 51).

Maj. Randy Werden of the Johnson County Sheriff's Department said, "People simply don't know the law. I don't know who to put the blame on" (Bird, 2004, para.52).

With the solutions I have proposed, the people will know the law, and the police will know "who to put the blame on." Therefore, when a person is in violation of the law, that person should be ticketed.

Kim Barnett bought a scooter for her daughter, unaware that she could not legally ride it on the Franklin Township street where they live. She was quoted in *The Indianapolis Star* as saying, "I didn't have any idea about the law or we would not have bought it. But, now that we are stuck with it, I probably won't do anything about taking it away from her unless somebody makes me" (Bird, 2004, para.53-56).

This kind of comment is evidence that people will continue breaking the law unless they are forced to stop. If police officers issue tickets to every person they find illegally riding motor scooters, the word will travel fast, and people will be more inclined to follow the laws.

The problem of accidents and injuries on motor scooters that are being driven illegally will probably never completely go away. It can, however, be greatly reduced by educating children in schools, requiring retailers to provide a copy of the state law to consumers, and enforcing existing laws in every situation.

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by Carrienne Franklin

Moments of Solitude Keep Us Sane

by Ivora Talley

The everyday stresses of life make all of us long for moments of solitude. This is a human need, no matter what the age. It is the time we spend with ourselves, being quiet with just us. The mind will often let the body know when it is time to take a break. Seeking solitude sometimes means we have to fight off the sanity-breakers in our surroundings. These may be family, job, school, the weights we put upon ourselves and/or all of the above. I can remember a few times when, for the sake of sanity, I took my moments of solitude.

The summer of 1963, I was sent to help my great-aunt care for my aging great-grandmother. During the day, I cared for my granny until my aunt came home from the beauty shop. Even after she came home I could not go far, not out of the front yard. They both swore something bad could happen to little girls who wander off. I did not want to wander off. I just wanted to go around or down the street to play with other kids. After about a month of this schedule, my insides were screaming to be somewhere by myself.

On Sunday mornings, I was sent to a church a block around the corner for Sunday school. One of my aunt's clients had a daughter my age who attended this church with her family. I had been missing the early morning Sunday school because our church was too far for me to walk there alone. My aunt customarily cooked a large Sunday dinner that morning, so we went only to regular services together later in the day. The invitation to attend Sunday school nearby allowed me to fill the gap in my spiritual training.

What happened next was completely spontaneous. I just could not be with one more person, least of all a group of kids as boring as a hole in the wall. This particular Sunday morning I put on my white hat with the elastic chin string and put my Bible in the milk box and started down a back alley on my sanity journey. I can not remember doing anything particularly daring or even interesting, but I was free. I could say nothing, hum, sing, think, and there was no one else in my space. For a fleeting moment the consequences occurred to me, but any amount of “save your soul from hell” licks would be worth it. After about an hour or so I put on the hat, picked up the Bible, and went in. I could do one more day, even one more week until the next Sunday, my next moment of solitude. These moments of solitude for sanity continued until someone asked when I was coming back to Sunday school.

Reading has always offered me moments of solitude. After discovering that the library was air-conditioned, I had a double treat, to read, in comfort. It became my ritual one summer: do my chores and head for the library. My family and I lived upstairs above another family in a house that had very little privacy or quiet. One day my mother told me not to go walking about in the heat. It was going to be another scorcher day, hot and humid. I tried telling her that the way to the library was mostly shaded. I said I needed more books to read. Mom held firm: I could not go to the library. Later on that day I tried sitting on the front porch to read. Our older neighbor came out and began telling me stories that I had heard a dozen times. I tried the back steps, but the younger children were there playing games.

The agitation was giving me a headache. While looking for an aspirin in my parents' room, I found the flashlight. The idea came to me to sit in the closet and read. At that moment the closet seemed to be the only place where I could be alone, read, and thus stay sane. Both the room and the closet were cool because that side of the house was always shaded. The closet also had those vent or slats in the door that helped make being in there comfortable. I sat on my Mom's cosmetic case with a pillow. None of the clothes hanging on my end of the closet were long, so nothing hung down on me. When anyone came near the room, I would quickly turn out the light. Leaving the closet required careful timing so as not to give up my secret place of solitude. That summer I used this quiet place a few times. While this practice may sound strange to some people, I am confident that other people can relate to it.

Being the dominant care giver can be stressful under normal circumstances. If a health crisis is thrown in the mix, the result can be sanity breaking. One winter each of my children had the flu, but not together at the same time. Children with high fevers, vomit and have diarrhea. To top it off, my husband could not offer me any help. He was working a mandatory overtime of sixteen-hour days during the entire two weeks of family flu. The first night that everyone was well and sleeping peacefully, I was not. I was angry, tired, and feeling quite insane.

With anxious insomnia, I thought of calling my friend. But, knowing her schedule, I decided that would be unkind. It frustrated me further to think of walking around an all-night grocery store. I was too tired to walk and too broke to shop. I remembered we had

a full tank of gas in the van. Where would I go? The thought of riding around trying to be safe in the middle of the night was far from relaxing.

Earlier that month my husband had taken a test drive in the “soon-to-be-ours” van. He had driven around the I-465 interstate loop that circles the city. It had taken him about an hour to drive around once.

I decided that is what I would do. I dressed warmly, chose some music tapes, and started out. I must admit that I did two runs around the loop. At first I had the music blaring and I was singing at the top of my voice. Afterward, I just drove in silence. Occasionally, over the years, I have repeated these moments of solitude ritual and I have also shared the idea with a friend.

Solitude, quiet time, time out, whatever we name it, we need it. The quality of our lives is measurably determined by how soon and how well we learn to exercise our moments of solitude. Nearly every waking moment of the day our senses are bombarded by the sights and sounds of the world. When we slow down the pace, gather our thoughts, and hear our own voice, each of us learns the “me” inside of us. I believe that people who can be alone with themselves become better equipped to be with others. My moments of solitude do not leave me feeling lonely, just sane.

Not Gone with The Wind

by L.W. Modlin

William Martin had a special sort of...gentlemanliness. Nothing studied. Nothing contrived. It was just in him. A whisper of gentility from a time long past, blotted out by that horrible war.

It wasn't convenience that brought us together, like most people think, it was that... gentlemanliness. I was a "single mother." They had a different name for us back then; it wasn't pretty. But William didn't care. He was long past worrying about what other people think. He treated me with respect. He made me feel like a lady. He made me feel decent again.

Everybody thought I was crazy to marry an eighty-five-year old man, but then that age, that eighty-five years, was all they saw in him. What I saw was the product of that age; the thing that only that age allowed him to have. So it was I who went to him. He would never have proposed such a thing. But he knew how I felt; knew my feelings were sincere and not a vile thing. It was done with tenderness, but without a word.

Then, for a woman not yet twenty-nine to have a child by him, that really shocked 'em. But, I wanted his child. I knew he wouldn't live much longer, and I wasn't willing to let him go, to let the...gentleman...go. I wanted a way to keep him with me. But more than that, I wanted a child to give to him. I truly loved William; loved him more dearly, purely and in a different, more decent way than anyone knew. Bearing his child was like bringing forth the last son of a lost empire, the last Spartan, somehow born into a new age.

We named the boy after William, but generally called him Billy to avoid confusion. And, as he grew...it was there, the way he said ma'am, without being taught; the way he touched a lady's arm as she approached a stair, though I'm sure he'd never seen it done.

William only lived about five years after Billy was born. But, at least he lived long enough to know his son; to hear him call his name; to see the boy come running, grinning, laughing.

I didn't feel that much when William died. We both knew it was coming from the beginning. I didn't feel like he was really gone. We had our son...our secrets, the knowledge of what our marriage was all about.

Billy and I were living in a different age now. Gentility was out of fashion. We were supposed to be all modern, all chromium and glass, roadsters, and big band swing. Billy fit in well enough. He was popular. He went out with his friends and danced the boogie-woogie; wore his hair slicked back and had trousers with box pleats. But, still...it was there...the gentlemanliness...it was there.

I had not been William's first wife. There had been another, and there had been children there, too. His first wife had died before I met him, but I met all their children. They all lived up in Macon, so I didn't see 'em much. They had a boy named Charlie. He was the spirit and image of his father...and it was there.

To me, Charlie was like the next chapter of a holy book, different, but still the same...and precious. I couldn't help but love him. Even before William died, I knew we'd marry. It wasn't like marrying someone else. It was more like renewing my vows.

We raised four children; struggled some; had some sadness, but more joy. We had a good life. It seems like I've had many good lives.

Now, the others are all gone. I'm the only one left. Nearly a hundred, and I'm still here. They say your eyes get dimmer when you get old. Well, maybe your eyes do, but your sight doesn't. In some ways, that's the only time you can really see. Simple appearances don't fool me anymore; I've seen it all before.

With older, clearer eyes, I look at the young ones now, with their baggy pants and their rap music, and I see right through it, right through to the person inside. I see now that that gentility, that gentlemanliness, that thing that had drawn me like a moth for all those years, wasn't really just a thing in William and his son... and our son.

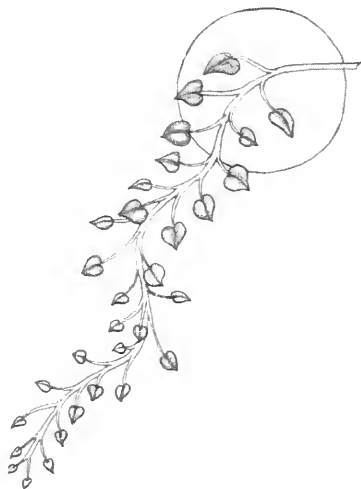
What I see is the thing that runs through us all, all of us who say "y'all," all the men who touch their hats when a lady walks by and the women who call everybody "honey"; that... gentlemanliness, that gentility. I understand it now. I know what it is. Like it ran through Charlie and Billy and William, reaching back to a time before all the wars and the politics; back to what it meant to be belles and beaus; back to a time I was honored to be a part of. Back to when our pride was born.

And it runs today, through all of us who honor our past. Who know who we are and where and what we came from. All of us remember and know what it means to be "Sons of the South," and are proud...and it's there, like the lingering smoke from a candle flame blown out.

Assistant Principal

One morn I passed before his room
and there perceived amid the gloom
his kneeling form upon the floor
his hands upraised as to implore.
These words I heard above the roar,
“Dear God...I just can’t stand much more.”

by L.W. Modlin



One Love

by Kareem Bussey

I was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, but raised in Houston, Texas. I was an honor student and star athlete at Houston Sunny Falls High School in 2002. I was a senior and, I did not know what I wanted to do after graduation. As the end of the school year approached, other students talked about their near potential plans of college. I was offered a full basketball scholarship to Florida State University, but I did not want to attend college right away.

Basketball had always been my number one priority until I met Kimberly. Kim was my girlfriend and I did not want to leave her to go to college. I was now eighteen. My life as an adult was just beginning. I had two months left before high school graduation. The time to make a choice was growing closer, and I was not sure exactly what to do.

I wanted to stay in the city to be with Kimberly, my girlfriend. I felt that I was a young man who had plenty of time for college — later. In addition, my girlfriend was a graduating high school senior enrolled in the local community college. Now if I moved to Florida to attend college, I would never get to see Kim.

My parents had their ideas of what was best for my future. My parents and I argued about the decision I was making. My mother said that I was passing up a chance to attend college, and that chance possibly would not be there in the future. Furthermore, she said that with a full scholarship, I should think of all the money we would save in college tuition and living expenses. I said that it was my life, so it was my choice about my future, and that “not” going

to college right away is what I wanted to do. My father said that I was too young and inexperienced to make such an important decision, and that I did not know what I wanted. I would have nothing to do with their ideas or their advice.

Graduation day came and I received my diploma with honors. School still had two weeks left, but the graduating seniors were not required to attend. Summer break had finally begun. The senior students began to take vacations and get summer jobs. I decided to find a summer job in the city.

I promised Kimberly that I would spend as much time as possible with her. I also made a deal with my parents. The deal was that if I could not find a stable, well-paying job before school started, that I would take their advice, accept the scholarship, and attend Florida State University.

Finding a job was a bigger task than I expected. Most places had entry-level positions only, which did not pay much for people with no experience. I took a job at the local grocery store bagging grocery during the day and on weekend nights, stocking the shelves.

Since the pay was not much, I had to work 60 to 80 hours a week to save a reasonable amount of money. I wanted to prove to my parents that I was mature enough to make my own decisions and take care of myself by buying a car and renting an apartment. The long hours left very little time for me to spend with Kim. I felt as if our once close relationship was gradually disintegrating.

One day while I was at work, a young man in a military uniform came into the grocery store. He introduced himself as Sergeant Jennings, Sergeant Kyle Jennings. Sergeant Jennings asked me if I was looking for an exciting job that pays well. "Doing what?" I

asked. "Joining the National Guard Reserve," Sergeant Jennings replied. He gave me a card with his name, number, and the location of his office and told me to give him a call and we would talk more about the job.

I called the Sergeant and made an appointment to meet with him. At his office, Kyle Jennings said that all I had to do was take a physical, pass a six-week basic training test, and I would have the job. He also said that I would have to give up one weekend a month to the National Guard and in return, I would get paid \$1,200.00 dollars a month. I told Sergeant Jennings that I would contact him. This job sounded easier than working 80 hours per week.

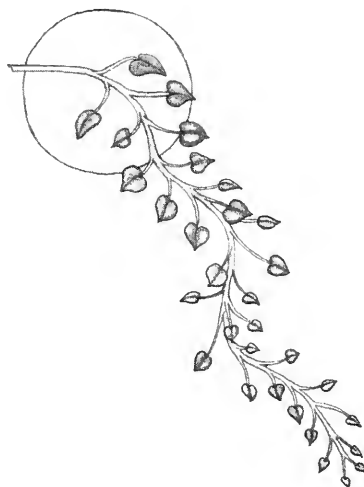
The summer was almost over. I had made a deal with my parents to attend college if I had not found a stable, well-paying job. The National Guard Reserve was my ticket to stay close to Kim. I had a decision to make.

After work, I went to talk to my girlfriend about this decision. It was about 8 p.m., right around sunset. From a distance I noticed two people on the front porch embracing each other and kissing. The closer I got to the front door; I began to realize that the people kissing were Kim, my girlfriend, and Kyle Jennings from the National Guard. I could feel my blood boiling, but at the same time, my heart was crumbling. Choked by betrayal and sick with disgust, I turned and walked slowly away before I was noticed.

Kim's best friend called me the next day and told me the whole story. She said that it was not right what Kim was doing and explained everything. Kyle's and Kim's families were long time friends. Kyle, 24, had joined the military when he graduated from high school. Over the last year Kyle and Kim became pen pals.

While Kyle was stationed in Europe, he kept in constant contact with Kim. They talked on the phone, wrote each other letters, or sent emails daily. Kim told Kyle everything about me and he came up with a devious plan to get me out of the picture. While I was at work, they were on dates.

I was going to give up my one love to be with a girl who cared nothing about me. I thought of what my father had told me about being too inexperienced to make a life-altering decision. I realized that my parents were right the whole time. I decided to take my parents' advice and attend college at Florida State University.



Changing Buses December 15, 1998 Downtown Indianapolis, 4 P.M.

by Emily Tygum

I was between buses, headed from Broad Ripple to Irvington. It seemed a day like any other: Sunny and cool, still fall, not quite winter. On the downtown streets, people were rushing to and fro, furrowed brows a-plenty. I wondered why they were in such a hurry and if any of them noticed the flower desperately fighting for survival, venturing through the crack in the concrete sidewalk, or felt the beauty of the man on the corner playing guitar, singing the blues. If they noticed, did they care?

My ponderings were interrupted when I was tapped on the shoulder by a tall, lanky black man, sloppily dressed, with dark piercing eyes and a danger in his vibe that set off alarm bells in my head.

"Give me a dollar!" he demanded. I obliged. I was seventeen then, shy and easily intimidated. I turned to walk away, but the hard grip of his hand on my forearm stopped me.

"Give me another dollar!" I told him I'd give him one more dollar and then no more, because I had hardly any money left. He said, "Okay," and snatched the dollar.

I headed towards my bus stop. He followed me and I walked faster, which prompted him to walk faster.

"Come on! One more dollar and I'll leave you alone," he said with a sneer.

“Sorry,” I replied nervously, and kept walking.

I was shocked when at my bus stop, he grabbed my shoulders, shoved me against a tall concrete slab, and thrust his crotch into mine, saying, “A couple more dollars!” Terrified, and not good at standing up for myself in those days, I dug into my coat pocket for my wallet. Around me, other people waiting for buses were staring at my public defilement. Some looked disgusted, while others seemed to be watching with glee, their eyes twinkling, as if this was the greatest performance they’d seen in ages, and for free!

I gave the man the last of my money, save for the dollar I needed to get home, and he whispered in my ear, “More,” and thrust his pelvis harder.

I tried to break free, but my strength was no match for his. I looked around for help, but all I saw were those staring faces. Some looked horrified, but pleasantly so, as if they were watching an exciting part of some thriller movie. I felt as if I were the main actress in a low budget horror film. At any horror film, there are always people who cover their faces, but peek through their fingers: The Cowardly Spectator. Plenty of those here now, watching this creep assault me, I thought angrily.

Suddenly through that sea of robots, there came a lightning bolt in the form of a small black woman full of spicy rage.

“Get your hands off her!” She flew at the man, yanked his arm off mine, and shoved him in the chest. He took a backward step, his jaw sagged, and he stood there speechless. Before my eyes he seemed to shrink.

“Calm down, sistah,” he whined at her. “We was only having a conversation.”

The little woman's nostrils flared and I could almost see flames painting her warm brown eyes. She was well groomed, about thirty-years-old, with a tidy 1920's flapper style hairdo, and she was a good head shorter than the bully who was tormenting me.

"Shut your mouth!" she snarled at him, her face filled with fury. "Don't you ever call me your sister. I'm not your sister. You're not my 'brotha' and so help me God, if I ever cross your path again—" She punched him in the arm.

He pulled back a little, but then began to paw at the sleeve of her coat. "Girl! Why you stickin' up for this honky? You and I supposed to stick together."

The tiny woman ripped his pawing hand away and punched him again, hard, in his upper arm. "I'm through talking to an idiot!" she said. "I hope someday you get it. You know the saying, 'If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem'? Think about it!"

She turned away from him and came over to me, putting her hand, so kind and delicate, on my shoulder. "I'm sorry this happened," she said. "I hope you don't hold this against us."

I smiled and said, "Thank you," and that I was sorry she was in a position where she felt she had to say something such as "don't hold this against us." She smiled at me and shot a last look at my tormentor, who by then was clambering up the steps of his bus in a great hurry.

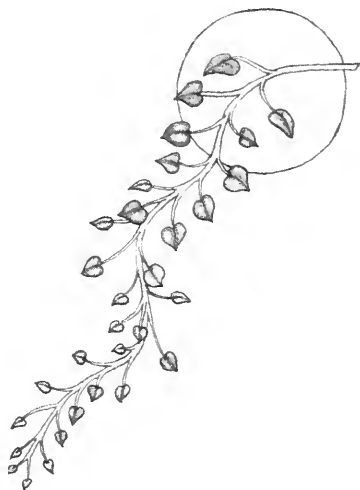
"Get out of here!" she yelled at him. He disappeared inside the bus without a murmur. The crowd that had been watching all of this with such enjoyment had nothing to say either.

Soon my bus came and the woman and I parted ways. This

was not a day like any other after all. This was, in fact, a moment hurling through time and space to the secret dimension that lies in between the thousands of superficial ones, right here on this strange and wondrous rock we call planet Earth. A dimension where all things are possible, including humans coming together despite the differences.

* * *

This essay was the first place winner in the 2005 Black History Month Contest. The theme was "Everyday Heroes: Making a Difference."



Bios

Kelly Agard

I am finishing my first semester in college at Ivy Tech. My goal, after I have completed all of the prerequisites, is to be accepted in the Radiology program. I am married and I have two children. My son is eighteen and my daughter is fourteen.

Boyce Benningfield Sr.

I was a student in English 025-18 writing class. In that class, I wrote the story about an unusual pet I had when I was six-years-old. The story is a true story. The 025 class made me nervous. The reason I was nervous was that it had been 28 years since I had stepped into a classroom. I plan to return to Ivy Tech to complete my 101 class. If the unusual pet story were to appear in the magazine *New Voices*, this would be a most humbling experience for me. I hope everyone enjoys this story.

Melvin Brown

I'm a first year student at Ivy Tech State College. I've been out of school for many years, and I was really apprehensive about coming back. I've found that coming back to school was just what I needed to stimulate me and give me a new direction. I didn't like high school for several reasons, but college is my choice and I'm loving it.

Kareem Lamar Bussey

I am an accounting major and a member of Ivy Tech's basketball team. I enjoy reading, playing chess, traveling, and sports.

Also, I am a member of Puritan Baptist Church. Furthermore, the thrill of a challenge entices me and I'm infatuated with success.

Won Chong

I was born in South Korea on March 24, 1977. I came to the United States in March, 1999. After I graduated from junior high school, I was granted 3rd prize in a composition tournament.

Tammy Fitzgerald

I am a sophomore at Ivy Tech Community College in Indianapolis. As you can see from my narrative paper, I love cooking and plan to go into the Culinary Arts Program which I hear is excellent. I'm a middle-aged mother with two young children, and I hope my going to college will serve as a role model for them.

Tonya Foster

I grew up in Indianapolis, Indiana. My handicapped brother, Jeremy, was born when I was eight-years-old. Unbeknownst to him, Jeremy has been my inspiration in getting into the medical profession. In 1993, I married and started my family. After working at Noble Centers, I realized that I wanted to become a respiratory therapist. Finally, in January of 2004, I began college to work on achieving my goal to become a respiratory therapist.

Carrienne Franklin

No bio submitted.

Toni Helton

Originally from Orlando, I moved to Indiana in 2002. I am currently enrolled as a paralegal student at Ivy Tech. With support from my family, I plan to attend law school. Although I enjoy living in Indiana, the things that I miss most about Florida are the sunny skies and palm trees.

Joseph Leck

No bio submitted.

Tina Lumpkins

I was born February 16, 1963, in Indianapolis. I have been married to my husband for over thirteen years. We have two children, James, who is twenty-years-old, and Aunýá, who is fourteen-years-old. I work for a dental office on Meridian Street, in Indianapolis. I am attending Ivy Tech State College to receive my associates degree in nursing.

Bernika Miller

Born on August 4, 1982, in Indianapolis, I started to write poetry when I was in the sixth grade, with the encouragement of my teacher, Mrs. Manning. She explained to me that poetry was a good way to express my feelings. I live with my mama and my little sister, and I have six brothers and sisters. I have had a total of six English courses at Ivy Tech State College. My poetry is my way of getting repressed emotions from deep inside out in the open. Therefore, the words that I write are a part of my inner soul

expressed. Thank you for this opportunity to get my poetry out in the public.

Larry Modlin

A native of Muncie, Indiana, “Middletown USA,” is quintessentially Middle America. He graduated from Ball State in 1970 and achieved the rank of sergeant in the USAF. To date, he has attended eight colleges and universities and maintains that he will always be a student – maybe a writer.

Doc Nixon

Doc Nixon graduated from Warren Central High School in 1970. Thirty years later he enrolled at Ivy Tech, graduating with the Class of 2002. He liked the school so much that he took a job at Ivy Tech in Indianapolis. He is still trying to figure out what he wants to be when he grows up.

Noah Njovu

I was born on September 30, into a family of seven. I completed my last grade of high school in 1997 and have a diploma in Pharmacology. Poetry is my way of passing time. Currently, I have about 120 poems which I hope to publish in future. I am a published Poet in the International Library of Poetry in Maryland and won an Editors Award in 2004. My goal is to publish a book(s) about poetry and maybe attain a degree in English Literature. I am studying for a degree in Mental Health which I believe will broaden my understanding about people.

Vilma Ojegueta

No bio submitted

Bill Phillips

I am a 39-year-old single father of two who has decided to go back to college and change my career. I am the only one in my family who has ever attended college. I enjoy my current job working for an apartment community as their maintenance supervisor, but cannot see myself doing this line of work up to retirement. My major is Radiology. I started attending Ivy Tech State College shortly after my divorce four years ago, and it has helped me cope by keeping my thoughts on something positive. I want my children to know the importance of furthering their own education someday.

LaDonna Richardson

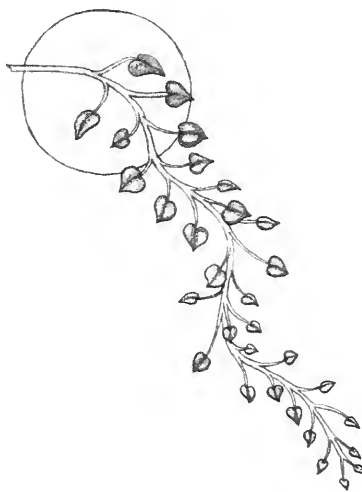
I was born in Indianapolis to Mr. Marlin and Mrs. Dorothy Yancey. When I was about eight-years-old, my family moved to Evansville, Indiana, where we could be close to my maternal grandparents. I have two sisters and a brother. I attended Stringtown Grade School and North High School in Evansville. I am a single mother of two children, Terrence and Kaliea. I have completed my first year of college at Ivy Tech State College and am on my way to becoming a certified medical coder.

Ivora Talley

No bio submitted.

Emily Tygum

Emily has lived in Indianapolis all her life. She graduated from Warren Central High School in 2000. Her major at Ivy Tech is General Studies, with an emphasis on philosophy and English. After graduation from Ivy Tech, she plans to pursue a bachelor's degree at a four-year university.



How to Submit Your Manuscripts and Art Work to *New Voices*

It is a good idea to have an instructor critique and edit your manuscript. When ready, the instructor collects two copies of your manuscript and one disk in Microsoft Word, 12 point, Times New Roman.

Leave your name off one copy of your manuscript.

Label your disk with your name, title of your work, and your instructor's name. Your disk should have your manuscript and a mini-bio of yourself in 50 words or less. Nothing else should be on your disk.

Personal essays, short stories, poetry, and expository writing of all types are accepted. Manuscripts of four pages or less will be given first consideration.

Original black and white artwork (of an appropriate size) may also be submitted to your instructor. Cover designs are welcome. Follow the same guidelines as for the written manuscript.

You may be asked to sign a permission form. Your instructor has the form. S/he should also sign the form.

NO work will be returned. By giving the manuscript and the art work to the instructor for this publication, you are granting permission to publish.

Manuscripts and art work are chosen by a student editorial board. Authorship is not revealed until the material is accepted.

Any unpublished manuscripts or art work not published may be considered for a future issue.

Deadline for Spring 2006 issue is October 1, 2005.

The Ivy Tech School Song

Oh raise a toast to Ivy Tech
let all our voices sing
of friendships strong and futures bright
through knowledge that you bring.
Our lives have been made richer here
as we progress in our careers
joining mind and hands and heart
Ivy Tech where futures start.

Sing loud and strong of Ivy Tech
and let our motto be
we're proud to tell you all about
the college that worked for me.
And as we go our separate ways
with fondness we'll recall these days
joining mind and hands and heart
Ivy Tech where futures start.

